The Liberalist

Volume XXX OCTOBER, 1953 Number 7

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

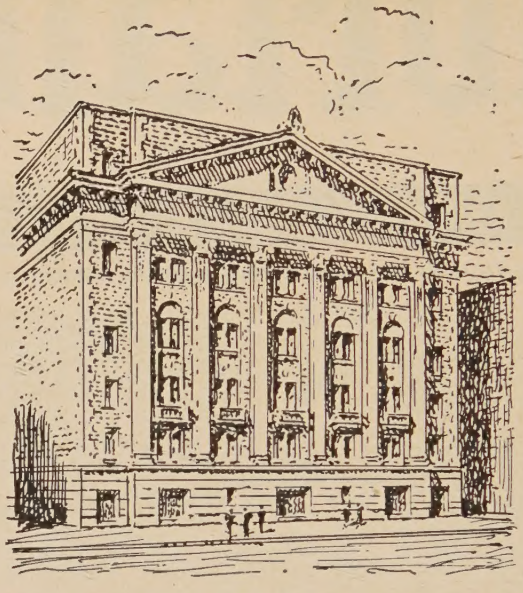
My Creed

My creed is: stars,
And wild birds flying;
October winds
And hills low-lying;

. . . . . .

So here's my creed—
And how I love it!—
Beauty in earth,
And God above it!

Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

SOME travelers a long time ago on arriving home said "The best part about going away is coming home." Seated here at my desk once again after a summer of travel and work, I agree most heartily with his observation.

One of the most difficult Sundays in the entire church year for me is our opening Sunday after the summer interim. After nearly 10,000 miles of travel in several countries of Europe since last I sat at this desk my heart is filled with gratitude that the summer passed without accident and that both June and myself were favored with good health every mile of the way. From the time we went up the gangplank on the "Mauretania" in New York until our return to the same pier on the "Queen Elizabeth" every hour was filled with interest, information and inspiration. In these chats with you in the months which are to come I shall be telling you often of these experiences and of my reactions.

There are two kinds of travelers: the objective traveler, who is always concerned with objective experiences and who thinks mostly about food, transportation, living conditions and the differences which exist between the country to which he is accustomed and the one he is visiting; and the subjective traveler, who looks beyond the objective realities into the hidden and inner spirit of the people and the countries.

I always try to be a subjective traveler. One's objective experiences are of little value and frequently result in a completely erroneous opinion and false reaction. I met Americans this summer who had been in Germany for four days and yet were glibly pronouncing judgment and were expressing authoritatively opinions which would create a false impression when voiced at home. I have always tried to avoid this pitfall.

One great advantage in going frequently to Europe is the opportunity of observing the changes which take place between visits. I first saw Europe the summer of 1914. I was in France when the first World War broke out. I have been going to Europe, except during the war years, almost every summer since. This has given me an opportunity to observe changes which have taken place. I shall attempt during the coming season, in the pulpit, in my lectures and broadcasts, to present as factually as I am able, my observations and impressions.

* * *

One of the first things one does when a passenger on an ocean liner is to look at the passenger list. This list is usually found in your stateroom at the very beginning of the voyage. I always look at the passenger list before I open any bags at all. One is anxious to know with whom he is going to travel for the next week; whether any friends are aboard, and if any celebrities or famous people are to be his fellow-passengers. One is interested to know with whom he will share the table at mealtime.

There is something about life aboard ship which defies the more conventional practices of society on land. You do not hesitate to greet a person you have never seen or spoken to before with a casual remark about the weather or the ship. Most everyone speaks to everyone else as you walk

about the decks. There is an atmosphere of friendliness. I think this is inspired by the fact that you are all a part of the same environment; that you are living your lives for those interesting days at the will of the sea and the ship will treat everyone alike.

I always feel in a sort of mood of suspension at sea. I have just left one world behind me and have not yet entered the world which is before me. I am between two realities, neither one of which has any power over me. I have left something behind and I am not yet a part of that which is to come. It seems to me this accounts for much of the restfulness and relaxation which comes from a sea voyage. I have gone on a ship, starting the voyage tired, tense, anxious, and in a few hours I have felt like a different person. I have been asked frequently if I have ever gone to Europe by air. I never have and I question whether I ever will, except under the compulsion of emergency. Sometimes I think it would be a good investment from the point of view of health if a person would just get on a ship, even if he did nothing more than make a round trip and spend ten, twelve or fourteen days at sea. Of course one can learn to relax anywhere and one ought to, but for me there is no more restful experience than travel by water. To stand at the bow of a ship in mid-Atlantic at midnight, to look up into the faces of the stars, is a soul-cleansing and a nerve-resting experience. I have crossed in little ships and big ones. I have encountered many storms at sea, but never once have the benefits of which I have just spoken refused to materialize.

* * *

On the "Mauretania" which, by the way, I much prefer to either the "Queen Mary" or the "Queen Elizabeth" or to any other ship on which I have crossed the North Atlantic, we were delighted to find there were several Chicagoans. Judge and Mrs. Michael Igoe and Captain and Mrs. Michael Ahern, Chief of the Traffic Department of the Chicago Police Force were fellow voyagers. We had frequent opportunities for visits together and the friendship which I had with both these distinguished Chicagoans was deepened by sharing with them this Atlantic crossing. On the last night at sea Judge and Mrs. Igoe, Chief and Mrs. Ahern, June and I all had dinner together. Chief Ahern was taking the trip in order to study traffic conditions in the larger cities of Europe. Later on I was interested to read in the London papers comments which he had made about his observations of how traffic was handled in Europe.

Judge Igoe's distinguished service as a legislator, and now as a jurist, would only be enhanced by the observations which he was going to make of the administration of justice on the Continent and in Great Britain. I met the Igoe's later in Dublin and was interested in his reactions. Inasmuch as the "Mauretania" touches at Cobh, Ireland, first, many people use the "Mauretania" in going directly to Ireland. Also on the "Mauretania" was Mr. Edward Flynn, the well-known Tammany politician of New York, with whom I had several interesting conversations, little thinking that a few days later he would suddenly meet death in the hotel in Dublin, where we were stopping. We stepped off the elevator one evening at the Gresham Hotel in Dublin and a gentleman came up to me and said, "Dr. Bradley, what are you doing in Dublin? I turned and looked into the face of Mr. James McCahey, former President of the School Board of the City of Chicago. The mere fact that I met all these Irish Democratic politicians

can easily be explained by remembering that a great many Democrats are Irish and I was in Ireland. I have always been a Liberal and respected every man's race, creed and color and have never been a political partisan. One's friendships transcend political or religious affiliations. I am everlastingly grateful that I have no prejudices, but try to find the good things in every person, in every religion and in every race, and there is always something good to be found.

* * *

I had never been to a horse show. I have always loved horses. My father, who was a blacksmith, always kept a horse and he could do more with a horse than any man I have ever known. Years ago I used to do a great deal of horseback riding and I always had a horse when I was a lad. I have never been to a racetrack in my life but I have never ceased to love horses. You can imagine how delighted we were on the Monday after I preached in our church in Dublin, to receive a call from the United States Embassy in Dublin, to the effect that our Ambassador to Ireland, Mr. Taft, who at the time was in this country on the sad mission of burying his distinguished father, Senator Robert Taft, wanted us to occupy the Ambassador's box at the Dublin Horse Show. Mr. Garland C. Routt, Public Affairs Officer of the American Embassy, and Director, United States Information Service in Dublin, presented the invitation. I was very happy indeed to hear from Mr. Routt, for I had met him the year before and he had most graciously told me of the work which was being done in his department in the activity of the American Library in Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. Routt invited us to their attractive Dublin home, preceding the horse show, where we renewed our friendship and spoke of his gracious mother, Mrs. D. M. Routt, of Sullivan, Indiana, who is a radio listener of our services and from whom I have had many inspiring letters.

It would take much more space than is available for me to describe the Dublin Horse Show. There is nothing like it in the world, with its great amphitheatre with its turf-covered floor, a velvet green like a beautiful carpet, with hazards, the walls, fences and water, over which the horses jumped with the agility and gracefulness of a deer, at times reminding one almost of a beautiful ballet. Horses from all over the world, driven by riders in their multi-colored uniforms of their respective countries, presented an unforgettable picture.

The center of attention of course was on the great Captain Llewelyn, who rode one of the most famous of all horses in the world, "Fox Hunter." To see Ali Baba, the French horse, win over "Fox Hunter" by four-fifths of a second will give you some idea of the excitement of this demonstration of running, jumping and hurdling.

We sat in the Ambassador's box, directly behind the shield of the United States. The British box, with the British Ambassador was on the right and the Swedish on our left. As reporters and newspaper photographers went about the grounds and looked up at us, I suppose they were wondering what official or representative or important visitor occupied the box of the Ambassador of the United States. When they discovered it was only a preacher from Chicago and his wife and another minister from Dublin, the Rev. E. Savell Hicks, and Mrs. Cyril Saville, of our Dublin Church, their enthusiasm lessened, even though it might not not be too common an event to have preachers interested in horses.

* * *

Well, there were many incidents, one

after another, which I shall tell you about from time to time. We came back to America and to our church with our hearts filled with appreciation and with a prayer that the year ahead might be for us all and for our world the best we have known in a long time.

* * *

Our opening Sunday was the finest opening Sunday we have had in years and one of the best I can recall. It was the beginning of my 42nd year as the minister of our church. During the summer Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, our Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryan, our caretakers and assistants in the maintenance of the physical property of the church, have spent almost the entire summer in putting the church in perfect condition. Every seat has been varnished, the floors have been painted, the woodwork has all been treated and polished, Anderson Hall has been decorated, all the outside woodwork on the building looks like new, the roof underwent some very expensive and necessary repairs. In fact, when I walked into the pulpit last Sunday, for the opening service, the church looked as beautiful and as new as it did on our day of dedication, 27 years ago. The cost of all this decoration and restoration was very high and I am grateful to all who have assisted by their contributions and their generosity.

The opening service was an inspiration to me. The great congregation which attended, the beautiful music of the choir and quartet, under the leadership of Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, the cooperation and love which were everywhere, inspired me to begin this year's work with a renewal of energy, mind and spirit. Associated with the church are the most beautiful memories of my life and I know that loved ones who will know it no longer must, from the Elysian peace which they now have, share with me in this appreciation.

Let us all go forward with courage, with purpose and in a spirit of love.

DR. BRADLEY RECEIVES HUMAN RELATIONS AWARD

There will soon be on display in Anderson Hall a beautiful gold trophy Human Relations Award received by Dr. Bradley on Sunday, September 20th.

This award was given Dr. Bradley for his "contribution toward bettering racial relationship in Chicago during the past year; and for having taken a broad stand in spearheading true democracy among all people, which serves as a great asset to our city and country."

This was the Second Anniversary Human Relations Awards program, sponsored by the Brotherhood of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Chicago.

Also on the program were several massed choirs and other beautiful musical features.

Additional awards were presented to Col. Richard L. Jones and to Ebony Magazine and the Robinson Store; to Ebony for bringing to the forefront the achievements, through journalism of the Negro people; and to the Robinson Store because of the progressive ideas and fortitude in bringing together an inter-racial staff, establishing to all the Negro's capabilities in business and his adaptability to work in unity with others.

Participating in the program were Rev. F. S. Harris, Chaplain of The Brotherhood; Francis McPeak, Executive Secretary, Member of the Mayor's Committee on Human Relations; Mary James of the Staff of Friendship Settlement House; Dr. Randolph Sakada; Mr. Dennis McGenty, Program Director, National Conference of Christians and Jews; Ralph H. Metcalfe, Member, Illinois Athletic Commission; Attorney E. A. Greene, Parliamentarian, of The Brotherhood; Dr. Louis Rawls, Pastor, Tabernacle Baptist Church, and Lester E. Davidson, Secretary, The Brotherhood, who was Master of Ceremonies.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

OCTOBER 5th and 6th—Rummage Sale in Anderson Hall all of both days, in charge of the Ways and Means and Philanthropy Departments of the Woman's Club. Kindly bring donations to Church Office or telephone LOngbeach 1-6878 and ask to have them picked up.

OCTOBER 11th—Sunday, at 3:00 p. m., Anderson Hall — Opening Drama Tea. See notice below.

NOVEMBER 1st—Opening of Sunday Evening Services for the 28th Season.

NOVEMBER 4th—Opening of Wednesday Evening Book Lectures in the Auditorium of The Peoples Church, for the 21st Season.

NOVEMBER 5th and 6th — ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH. See notice below.

* * *

OPENING DRAMA TEA

The Jack and Jill Players, with Franklin W. Adams their Director, will present the Opening Drama Tea at The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road. The Teas are held in Anderson Hall of the church at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the opening Tea on October 11th (the second Sunday of the month), Mr. Adams will present the three-act play, "Mother Is A Freshman," story by Raphael David Blau, dramatized by Perry Clark. Loretta Young played the part of the Mother in the movie version. Dolores Penkala will play the Mother, Mrs. Abigail Abbott; Susan, the daughter, will be played by Janice Adams. The Jack and Jill Players have been having a great success with this play and we are fortunate that it is to be presented at our Opening Drama Tea.

The Jack and Jill Players have just moved into their new quarters at the Kimball Building, 25 E. Jackson Boulevard, where they have two theatres and their studios.

* * *

PEOPLES CHURCH ANNUAL BAZAAR

Just one month in which to get ready for that big event of the year!

Contact your club president, if you belong to one of the church organizations.

If you do not belong to a church organization, contact the Church Office and ask what you can do for the Bazaar to help make it the success you want it to be.

Make a contribution of time, money, effort, or of goods that are salable. Help at the Bazaar!

Every friend and member of the church is responsible for some part in this great event of the year!

"DOES GOD BELIEVE IN YOU?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, June 7, 1953

IT'S a very common question, one that frequently comes out in conversation: "Do you believe in God?" I suppose there isn't a single person but who some time or other has had that question asked of him or has asked the question of another. "Do you believe in God?" My question this morning is not that question at all. Even though most people ask that question when they are thinking about what is probably the greatest thought that can ever occupy the mind of man, the thought of whether there is a God or not, and whether they believe in God, I propose to approach it this morning from an entirely different angle. I'm not going to ask you if you believe in God; and I'm not going to tell you whether I believe in God; that is not our question. The question is: "Does God believe in you; does God believe in me?" That is an entirely different approach. Of course, it predicates the fact of God. For unless God does exist, he couldn't believe in anybody or anything; and the mere fact that we are ready to ask the question: "Does God believe in you or me?" immediately, from the point of view of pure logistics, presupposes that God is a reality. Therefore, we cannot discuss this question from any philosophical point of view which would eliminate the possibility of the reality of God! We have to begin with that postulate that God does exist! There is no place in a sermon on this subject to attempt to prove the existence of God! We begin with the assumption that there is a God; that He exists! The theological analysis of what kind of a God He is, or whether He is a God in which the element of personality is involved is not the issue. I want to take it very simply and very humbly—the reality of the existence of God. Then I want to ask myself the question: "Does God believe in me; does God believe in you?"

We have felt it important to believe in God. It is equally important to discover whether we are the kind of persons that God can believe in! What is God's attitude toward us? Knowing all about you; knowing all about me—the kind of people we are; the emphasis which we give to life; our attitude toward life, or our attitude toward others; how we treat life and with what dignity we express life—are we the kind of people that this God, whose reality we admit, can actually believe in? Can He point to you and say: "There is one in whom I believe!"? Can He point to me and say: "There is one in whom I believe!"? Or dare we consider that this God looks at us with a questioning, hesitating viewpoint and says: "I don't know about them! I'm not quite certain of him! I just don't know about that personality; I'm finding it difficult to believe in him, and to believe in her!" That gives a very interesting emphasis to a relationship between you and God that a great many people do not think about.

Now I could not presume, and no intelligent person would expect me to be dogmatic in outlining the attitude of God! I can't do that. I have no faculty, and neither have you, of setting myself up in judgment as far as God's attitude is concerned

toward us. That would require a comprehension of infinity which I, and I think *all,* simply do not possess. I cannot bring judgment on God! I cannot say God would think this or God would think that! *I don't know!* And I don't think you know! When the individual human being becomes dogmatic about God, the individual is usually projecting a conception of God which is largely conditioned by his or her own personality; until it is a truthful observation that man creates God in his own image, while the usual attitude is that God created man in His image!

The world is filled, and the centuries have been crowded, with God concepts! Every race, every color, every creed, every culture, every civilization, every nation on this earth has created God concepts, so that we have myriads of ideas about God! And we have, literally, thousands of God concepts which have been created by man in man's effort to find reality! That's what religion is! Religion is the process by which man is attempting to find reality!

Man wants to feel under his feet a solid foundation; man wants to have a sense of security; there is something invulnerable in his nature that no experience of life can possibly destroy; there is an impervious structure in his inner consciousness—and that is the quest for religious reality! That's what man has been attempting to do in the evolution of religious thinking down through the ages. Man has been seeking for a sense of solidarity; a sense that there is something in his life that no experience can ever mutilate or destroy. No matter what it is, there is an invulnerable, eternal quality to his soul—so he seeks for the reality of God through religion! That is why we have so many religions; that is why we have so many churches; that is why we have so many creeds! All of it is the restlessness, the uneasiness of the human soul seeking for reality! That's what *every* religion is! That's what every creed is! *It's nothing less, and it is nothing more!*

Now we admit that the reality exists; therefore, we ask ourselves how we can find a formula or a standard by which we can discover whether God can believe in us or not. So where do I have to go? I can't go to the intangible, metaphysical, mystical concept of God, except to the mind of the mystic, and that would mean nothing! It would only bring more confusion, and solve nothing. Therefore I cannot appeal to metaphysical philosophy; I cannot establish what God thinks of me through that at all! That would only be confusing. I have to find something more tangible; I have to find something more realistic, and I don't know anywhere to go for that except to the Galilean! I don't know any personality in human history so completely assimilated into the consciousness of the Divine as was Christ! Do you? I don't care what personality you discuss—and we have had some great personalities, some great characters, some highly spiritualized and highly sensitized personalities—but *there is only one* that reflects *complete unity* with the Infinite. So if I want to find out what God thinks of me, and if you want to find out what God thinks of you, we have to go to the tangible reality and find out what Christ's attitude was toward people like you and people like me. And I think when we find out what Christ's attitude was, we shall understand what God thinks about us!

What was the first attitude? The Master never met a person in His life that He didn't see in that person possibilities for good! Never once did

any human life come in contact with the life of the Master that this wasn't true! And I would have you, Catholic, Jew, or Protestant or whatever has been your religious conviction, I would like to have you segregate your life away from the pressure of any inherent attitude or any inherent predisposition in this matter and call your attention quite simply to that outstanding characteristic of the Master. He never met a person that He didn't see a *possible* "you" that was there! And the more of a sinner they were, the more vile they were, the stronger was His confidence! The relationship of the Master toward the individual was always an awareness of the possibilities that were latent in the individual. And never once did He bring condemnation into the picture.

Sometimes I think if there is one thing that affirms the supremacy of Christ as a great juror of human souls it is to be found in the fact that He never condemned! You and I do that easily! I know people who will believe anything at all, if you will only whisper it to them! It doesn't make a particle of difference what it is; whisper, whisper to them, and they will look at you and say: "You don't mean it!" And down in their hearts, already they believe that it's true! Our attitude is usually the attitude of condemning. I gloried in the fact that the Governor of this State, this week, had the courage to send back to Northlake that man who has been going straight for 17 years, and not turn him over to the State authorities of California! I gloried in it! If there is no hope for a person who has gone wrong and then tried to go right in this world, your whole christian civilization is a joke! And there is no possibility by which any person, who claims to be a follower of the Nazarene, can hold condemnation and judgment in their hearts. And there isn't anything more irritating and more unlike Christ in this world than the "whispering Christian" who is constantly condemning and attacking somebody else! They can shout from the housetops what they believe; they can put their hands on a stack of Bibles as high as the sun; they can talk about the dogmas and the creeds; they can practice all the ceremonies of the church; they can count beads and burn incense; and they can get on their knees, and they can do the whole rigmarole, both Catholic and Protestant; but if their hearts are hearts of condemnation toward their fellowmen, there isn't a church on this earth, Catholic, Protestant or Jewish that can save them! Not one! The test of our Christianity is in our attitude toward our fellowmen. Christ never met a person in His whole ministry in whom He did not see possibilities. The woman of Samaria, dripping with filth and guilt and sin; the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the period, those who were the officials of the church, pointed their finger at her and said to the Master: "Don't you touch her! She's vile; she's vile!" And the Master took one look at her and smiled and then, in my point of view the finest passage of Scripture in the whole Bible is this phrase: "And He lifted her up!" And then turned and said: "You; You officials; you dogmatists; you ecclesiastical authorities; you self-righteous; *you* that are without sin, *you* cast the first stone!" He waited a minute; and the record says there was no stone cast! And then these words as to what God thinks of men: "Neither do I condemn thee! Go! And sin no more!" That's what God thought of one person. What about Zacchaeus? What about the thief on the cross? What about every blood-dripping sinner that He ever met? In every person whom

Christ ever met, He saw possibilities of something better! Therefore He must have thought a lot about us, didn't He? He must have loved us.

I think the most stupendous fact in all the cosmos is that the infinite, creative spirit of God loved mankind! I think it's the most stupendous and overpowering consciousness that it's possible for a person ever to experience—that I, I'm loved by the spirit of creativeness; that God loves man; that He loved us, that He still loves us; and that we *cannot* do enough against Him and *against our fellowmen to alienate us permanently from Him!* There isn't a person so steeped in sin and vice listening to me now, or in this congregation, who can ever *permanently* deny themselves the Presence of the Divine! And if you open up the windows of your soul, no matter what you are; no matter what you have done; no matter what remorse is eating, eating, eating away at you; no matter what heartache; no matter what sorrow, if you will open up the window, the Divine Presence of God *who loves you* will flow into your life! You don't have to say you believe in any creed; you don't have to join any church, not even this one; you don't have to make any manifestation of anything that has to do with the orthodox or unorthodox tradition of Christianity—it's not a question of creeds or dogmas or theories or beliefs; it's just opening the window! And it's just saying: "God, you can't think very much of me. I've messed up life pretty badly; I've failed; I've sinned; I've alienated myself away from every beautiful, decent thing; but God, I've opened the windows! I want all the vile air to get out; I want to be *bathed* in the love-light of Thy beauty! I'm *tired* of it all; I'm *sick* of the filth! The lights have gone out; the wine has turned to gall, and it's bitter; the memories haunt and prey! What do you think of me, God?" You will hear a voice: "I love you, my child! You're my son; you're my daughter! All will be well!" You will have an immediate power that you didn't know was in existence; you will have a strength that you never dreamed of! A miracle will happen to your life; a miracle may be happening now, at this sermon, somewhere in a life. Somebody's opening the windows! Clean sunlight, beauty—that's what God thinks of you! He thinks you're worth it!

The great sculptor, Michelangelo, one time in a marble quarry selected a piece of marble, and the man in charge of the quarry said: "Angelo, you don't want that piece of marble. It isn't a good piece of marble; it has imperfection." The great sculptor held the piece of marble in hand for a moment and said: "There is an angel within that piece of marble! I am going to release the angel!" That's what God thinks of you and me—releasing the angel that is in us. And there isn't a person, no matter how vengeful and hateful and spiteful they are, there isn't a person who doesn't have an angel! God knows that; and because God knows that angel is there, the angel will be released by a power that only God understands!

Leslie Weatherhead, the great British Minister of the City Temple in London, tells us about an artist who sat at the window of his studio painting an old, dirty, rum-sodden bum sitting on a park bench across the way. And this artist painted this old bum, and somehow the idealism in the inner life gradually found a way into the face on the canvas. And one day the artist went across the street to the old bum and he said: "I've got something in my studio I'd like to show you!" And the dirty, sodden character

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

To the young people starting out in life today there is one thing of paramount importance that I would like to say. You are in an hour when time is much faster than it was when I was a young man. The world isn't going to wait for you to be 35 and 40 to get under way. You haven't time to dissipate one ounce of energy; no time to waste these precious years.

You've got to find a cause and give it your heart and soul—wrap your loyalties around it. Stand for something, even if it is unpopular and the whole world says you're wrong! Don't be afraid to face it; stand for what you believe in! That is the great key to victorious living. Don't compromise. Prepare those fine brains and those fine hearts for the work of this immediate future. It's immediate! Don't waste one year of life!

The cynics and the critics are always everywhere about you. But what of that? That only makes for growth. Resistance creates power. There will always be those who would rather pull you down than build you up. There will always be those who will impugn motives to everything you do. Don't let them worry you. No weapon that is flung against you will prosper, if you're right. Make that affirmation and you'll come out all right.

Make life count. It's all that matters. Fame, money, position, power, all become nothing. The life that's lived to help others, your country, your world, that's the only life that counts.

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came across the street, walked into the studio of the artist, stood and looked and looked at the painting, studied it awhile, and then he said: "Is that me?" And the artist said: "It is the you that *I see!*" And the old, wrecked specimen of humanity said: *"If that is what you see in me, then I will be what you see in me!"*

Let *us* be what *God sees in us!*

BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE "Your Library" is concerned with books and with other arts as well that are cultural and of importance to every family, I am quoting in full an editorial by Mr. Robert Kennedy, which appeared in the July 20th Sun-Times:

"Every day we receive letters of complaint from Chicagoans about poor city services. Garbage isn't collected. Law enforcement is weak. Street name signs are missing, etc., etc.

"There is one city service that is tops, however. That is the Chicago Public Library. If you are not one of the 711,000 possessors of a library card and are not aware of the treasures to be found in your library, you are missing one of the best things in Chicago.

"Books, of course, are the biggest concern of the main library on Michigan Av. between Randolph and Washington, and its 34 neighborhood branches and 28 subbranches. Books about everything and anything, all of human knowledge, past and present, are yours for serious study or recreation at the library.

"The library also serves the community with pictures, printed music, pamphlets, periodicals, phonograph records, lantern slides, films and stereographs. These and books are used in countless ways by businessmen, industrialists and professional people as well as by teachers, parents and children. Last year the library and its branches answered 1,794,884 reference questions on subjects from cookery to politics.

"A restaurant recently used the library's picture collection to help create a period atmosphere in decor, waiters' uniforms and menus. Many business firms made use of the library's movies on supervision and employe relations. A radio producer used the record room to find musical background for a miracle play.

"More important than all this, however, is the help and inspiration the library gives to just everyday citizens and their children—especially the children. Everyone should be gratified to note that last year more citizens registered for library cards than in any year since 1946.

"Librarian Gertrude E. Gscheidle believes the initial impact of television is beginning to wear off and both adults and children are returning to a more normal use of leisure time, including reading. Television, in fact, has in many ways stimulated reading because, the library notes, requests for books mentioned, subjects dicussed, or plays presented on television invariably followed the programs. Discussion programs stimulated reading about national problems and personalities.

"Stories in the newspapers, especially about national and international events, send readers to the library for books of background information.

"All of this mental activity is a good sign for Chicago. The library is a better reflection of our people than our City Hall is."

As to the other arts with which the library is concerned, beginning with the week of October 5th, a series of diversified noon-hour programs will be given. Free lectures, films, recorded and "live" concerts will be presented on different days of the week in the assembly hall of the Central library.

These programs begin at 12:15 p.m.

Each Wednesday noon record concerts will be heard, with Mrs. Mary C. Berenbaum of the Music Department staff as commentator. On Saturdays, with the cooperation of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, a series of concerts by Chicago artists will be presented and guest performers will include some of Chicago's finest musicians.

Thursday noon-hour lectures will be concerned with scientific subjects of particular interest to the layman. For October the featured speakers and topics will be:

Oct. 8—*"Do Saucers Fly?"*
F. Wagner Schlesinger, Director, The Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum.

Oct. 15—*"The Story of Flight"*
Capt. Benjamin B. Lipsner, Pioneer airmail organizer and author of "The Air Mail, Jennies to Jets."

Oct. 22—*"Atomic Explosions and the Weather."*
Charles B. Johnson, Chief Service Meteorologist, U. S. Weather Bureau.

Oct. 29—*"Nature in a Big City"*
Leonard Dubkin, Chicago Naturalist and author of "Murmur of Wings," "Enchanted Streets," and "White Lady."

The Friday film programs will be concerned with science:

Oct. 9—"Story of the Bees"
"Coral Wonderland"

Oct. 16—"Operation White Tower"
"History of Aviation"

Oct. 23—"Atomic Energy"
"Operation Doorstep"
"Atomic Energy Can Be a Blessing"

Oct. 30—"Pasteur's Legacy"
"From One Cell"

Of much interest also will be the October exhibits at the Institute.

The Art Department is open Monday through Friday, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. and on Saturday until 5:30 p.m.

During October the Art Department will exhibit paintings by Archibald J. Motley, of 350 West 60th Street, and ceramics by Rosemary Zwick, of 1905 Foster Avenue. Why not show our interest in these Chicago artists by attending these exhibits?

Archibald J. Motley was born in New Orleans but came to Chicago as a small child. After graduating from Englewood High School, Dr. Gunsaulus, then President of Armour Institute urged him to become an architect, but Motley was already determined to become a painter. He attended the Chicago Art Institute and credits Karl Buehr, John Norton, and Albert Krehbiel with being his outstanding teachers. Mr. Motley has painted in practically all parts of the United States, in Mexico and in Europe. He has been the recipient of many prizes and awards, including the Harmon Foundation Gold Medal and prize, a Guggenheim Foreign Traveling scholarship, the Logan and Eisendrath prizes awarded by the Art Institute. His work has been exhibited in many galleries in this country and in Europe. Mr. Motley's brother, Willard, is the author of the well-known novel "Knock On Any Door."

Rosemary Zwick, a native Chicagoan, graduated from the School of Fine Arts, State University of Iowa, where she majored in art history, painting and sculpture. Later she studied lithography at the Chicago Art Institute and then spent five months studying and painting in Europe. In 1950 she became interested in making pottery. She began with a small hobby model kiln, using her kitchen and back porch as a studio. All of her work is built by hand rather than thrown on a potter's wheel. At the present time she is most interested in making cer-

amic jewelry. Pieces intended for commercial production are first designed in modeling clay and from these plaster molds are made. Designs are painted on the unfired pieces, which are then fired, and covered with a clear, glossy glaze. Her ceramics have been exhibited in several Chicago galleries, the Syracuse Art Museum and the Wichita Art Association.

Some of our church clubs might like to take tours to see these exhibits. It is well to acquaint ourselves with the wide diversity to be found in our Chicago Public Library and to make every use of its facilities. Especially should the children of our community become acquainted early in life with the advantages which our library offers to them.

Next month we will concentrate on specific books of interest.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ON August 10th last, as I said goodbye to my dear friend, Miss Rose von Allmen, in the little village of Hilterfingen, Switzerland, I felt that I was starting my trip home, and beginning my leave-taking of exquisite, beautiful Switzerland—God's paradise on earth! That is not exaggeration in any degree from my point of view; and I have seen a lot of Switzerland. Were I to have the opportunity again of taking a trip to Europe, my heart and my feet and my very soul would turn toward Switzerland again with longing.

I did not fly from Zurich to London until August 25th. The reason I felt so nostalgic as I said goodbye to Rose von Allmen on the 10th was because I had been in Hilterfingen a month, in a settled abode, though I had been taking many daily trips out of the village to surrounding beauty spots and returning to Hilterfingen each night. From then on I would be on a more or less continuous tour. Hilterfingen is at the opposite end of Lac du Thun (pronounced Toon) from Interlaken and is in the midst of what is known as the Bernese Oberland. In this region are located the Jungfrau (Jungfrau Joch, below the point, being the highest mountain to which a railroad runs) and the Niederhorn, to which one may ascend by a cog railway part of the way and then by a chair lift (each lift holding two chairs) to the top. The chair hangs from an overhead cable and you and your friend - of - the - adjoining - chair hang suspended in air high above the treetops as you look up and then down (provided you dare). At every cable joint the chair joggles and jolts and you hold your breath and tell yourself that the Swiss engineers are the finest engineers in all the world and you hope it's true. When you arrive at the top you thank God for seeing to it that you arrived there safely. Then you find you are not really at the top after all, but must climb "straight up" for possibly ten minutes (or maybe fifteen minutes if your wind isn't too good).

Now you are really at the top and you stand still and look out through clear bright space and at the same time you experience a sudden quick intake of breath. A row of jagged peaks confronts you at the right. Rising against the sky in back of these begins a range of snow covered pyramids and among these is Mount Eiger, the Monch and the Jungfrau. At the left a nearer mountain rises, dark grey and rocky at the summit, but as your eye follows down into the valley you behold a forest on the mountainside. This nearer mountain rises so high it shuts out the view of all beyond except the sky. And so the cyclorama extends in every direction in an almost complete circle of peaks surrounding this pinnacle on which you stand. But out there in one direction is a valley which glistens emerald green in the sunlight and the floor of it widens on out to a row of mountains in the distance. And down thousands of feet below is a narrow ribbon where a river flows through a valley, where a few Swiss chalets appear as tiny flecks of brown against the green.

There comes to my mind that book title "How Green Was My Valley." If you are in the audience when I show some of my kodachrome slides of Switzerland scenes, as I hope to do later on, you may want to ask me if the color is overdone. I can truly say that no color film made could overdo the lush green of Switzerland this summer as I saw it. There had been two months of almost continual rainy weather when I arrived in Switzerland and the verdure and the flowers were at the peak of their splendor.

As I stop for breath while writing this foreword to the Mail Bag and think of all the other trips which it was my privilege to take around Interlaken, I realize that if I do not stop at once and delve into the Mail Bag, I shall be taking up too much space.

I could talk for hours it seems to me when once I start on the subject of Switzerland, the people, the nationalism and the very fine internationalism of that great little country. I shall no doubt be talking about it all winter long.

* * *

I found in the Mail Bag on my return from abroad, a letter to Dr. Bradley from Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, the organist of our church. The letter was from Hollywood, California, and contained enclosures of a post card picture of the beautiful First Methodist Church of Hollywood, one of the most famous on the Pacific Coast. Its great tower and sanctuary dominate Highland Ave., in the heart of Hollywood. The voice of the Martindale carillon chimes is heard over the city from this church at noon and 6:00 p.m. daily.

There were church calendars enclosed for the month of August, and we read this notation:

"While Dr. Norman Soreng Wright, our organist-director, is on vacation, Mr. LeRoy Wetzel will be in charge of the music program for the Sunday worship services. Mr. Wetzel is organist and choirmaster at the Peoples Church, in Chicago, and is spending the summer in California. He is well known as an outstanding musician and has won renown as a composer of distinction. We shall welcome him to the organ console next Sunday morning." There were many clippings from the Los Angeles Examiner and the Valley Times.

One clipping contained a picture of Mr. Wetzel and his daughter, Barbara, who is a very handsome woman (and resembles her dad greatly). The item stated: 'The LeRoy Wetzels' social calendar is being booked up rapidly since word got around of their recent

arrival from Chicago. Though their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Richards (Barbara Wetzel) of North Hollywood, is the main attraction for the visitors, the composer-conductor is enjoying renewing his long-time friendship with Dr. Amos Thornburg, pastor of the first Methodist Church of Hollywood, and his congregation."

Mr. Wetzel's letter bears out the newspaper clipping, for he mentions attending one of the Hollywood Bowl concerts: "I met Albert Goldberg, former critic of music on the Chicago Tribune (now music critic on the Los Angeles Times, a paper very much like our Chicago Tribune in appearance as well as policy). Goldberg introduced us to Jose Iturbi, the famous concert pianist, who sat in an adjoining box. We had a very nice chat with him and Goldberg.

"While directing the music at Hollywood Methodist Church, August 30th, Dean Robert McCutchan, formerly of DePauw University School of Music, Greencastle, Indiana, took over the worship service, which was for the most part singing of hymns. McCutchan is noted as a hymnologist, and Editor of the Methodist Hymnal. He and I were both on the staff several summers at Northwestern University Summer School of Music, where we first met.

"I had luncheon with him at his home in Claremont, California, and spent a delightful afternoon and afterward we were joined by Joseph Clokey, one of America's outstanding composers. All in all it was a very interesting summer.

"Another very interesting day was one spent at the home of Leo Carrillo of stage and screen, who comes from a fine old Spanish family.

"I composed two songs during the summer, which I shall try out on Mrs. Braude and Mr. Couture. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) they are ballads and not suitable for church service. Thus the congregation will be spared any ordeal of listening to them."

Dr. Bradley always does enough speaking throughout the summer "to keep himself in practice" as he says, and it would seem that our organist follows the same pattern with his music.

* * *

The Chicago Urban League, Sidney Williams, Executive Secretary, sent the following telegram to Dr. Bradley:

"Chicago and surrounding area are better in every respect particularly in race relations because of the honesty truth and courage you have been diffusing over these past twenty-nine years. Carry on. Congratulations and best wishes." The telegram was in recognition of Dr. Bradley's twenty-nine years of continuous radio broadcasting over station WJJD of the entire Sunday morning church services.

* * *

Mr. R. F. Hausen of Chicago heard Dr. Bardley's sermon on radio and T.V. and his expression about having an aversion for singing commercials; also his forceful reference to the beer and cigaret advertising on T.V. especially. He sent him the following clipping from the Chicago Sunday Tribune which he felt would be of interest. We quote it here:

DECLARE WAR ON SINGING COMMERCIALS

Mexico City, May 23 (AP)—Mexican composers have declared war on singing commercials, increasingly common on the nation's airwaves.

In a statement last night, the Mexican Syndicate of Authors and Composers and Editors of Music announced that the tunesmiths will refuse to sell either past or future works for use as

commercials for radio, television or motion pictures.

The statement also said the syndicate will do everything it can to eliminate singing commercials already in use.

Mr. Hausen, among other things, stated that he recalled the first advertising the cigaret interests put out to promote the smoking of cigarets by the women. That it was very cautiously done at first, in case they might be rebuked by the public. But nothing apparently happened in that direction, so they increased the tempo with at least fifty percent of their advertising showing women smokers — exquisite ladies, of course. Now, continues Mr. Hausen, "the latest window displays show a healthy looking and happy-faced boy and girl of high school age holding up their lighted cigarets and registering keen enjoyment. If nothing stops them I presume within the next few years they will direct their advertising to the grammar school children. The desire for profit knows neither satiety nor conscience."

"Either legal action all the way through will be needed or, in the case of T.V. and radio we may be forced to adopt the practices of some of the European countries where it has been subsidized by the government and no advertising of any kind is permitted, the radio or T.V. owner paying a small monthly fee for the service. But of course that will probably start a big hue and cry because it smacks too much of socialism again. Otherwise we must be governed by the fact that the radio and T.V. stations exist only by advertising and they will take it where they find it."

* * *

In a fair reporting of the mail we must admit that Dr. Bradley did receive one letter in which the writer expressed enjoyment of singing commercials!

The age of the writer was not mentioned.

* * *

Book lovers often send to Dr. Bradley a copy of some book they especially like, which explains the contents of the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Ruth Welch, editor of "Chimes" sent me your card. I was so happy that you liked "The Agrarian Gospel of Jesus, the Christ."

My husband was afraid I was very much out of line, for you know people like to choose their books like they do their friends. They don't like to have a book or a person forced on them. I think that is especially true of a religious book. But I love "The Agrarian Gospel of Jesus, the Christ," and there are so many things in it right along the line I have heard over your radio broadcast, I felt you wouldn't feel a stranger was being forced upon you, but as though you were meeting an old friend. My friends find it very hard to keep a copy of it, for people always want to borrow it. So I felt an extra wouldn't come in amiss.

Some of my friends do not like it and feel I am very much out of line when I write Sunday School lessons for some teen-agers in Portland, Oregon, out of it, instead of the Bible.

You know Confucius said: "To remember that the Creator is ever present, and with as much power and love and wisdom today as in ancient days, this is wisdom."

My husband and I both enjoy your radio sermons so much. Our home is at 1808 11th St., Des Moines, Iowa, but we are in Indiana looking after business for the Farmers Mutual Hail Insurance Company of Iowa. They work in ten states.

My husband has been a Unitarian

for many years. My father and grandfather were Methodist preachers, but I guess I am more of a Unitarian than I am Methodist. We go out by Winona Lake and sit in the car and go to church with you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. J. C. Bradfield

* * *

You will enjoy reading, I know, this letter from the great Master Magician and Mentalist (author of the Tarbell course in Magic—five volumes):

My Dear Dr. Bradley:

I enjoyed your sermon on "Radio and Television" this morning and wish that every family in America could hear it. You hit the vital points within short time.

It is really tragedy when programs have to be governed by sale of some products, and sideshow tactics have to be employed instead of the things that give man the greater progress within himself.

I think the success of Bishop Fulton Sheen in his competition against one of the best-drawing comedy programs will make some folks think for a moment.

Elbert Hubbard said: "Give me one good man or woman in a community and I can revolutionize the world."

You and I have learned through our own experiences the power that we have before audiences alone.

I have just returned from England, Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man. Was featured as the headliner on the British Magical Jamboree at Birmingham, England. About 450 magicians attended, not only from the British Isles but from the Continent as well. So glad to see old friends and to see faces I've read about but never seen personally.

While my magic is enjoyed, yet in reality it is the SPIRIT that doeth the work, and the thing that really counts is my ability to make each man or woman that I meet feel lifted up, love themselves more, and feel that I am a FRIEND who is a FRIEND. To give to each something he can go away using and to be better for having met me.

I spent a week with my friend Dr. Sir Alexander Cannon, one of the greatest Doctors of Europe, at Douglas on the Isle of Man. Here is a great soul doing a great work. You no doubt have read his fine books "Powers That Be" and "The Invisible Influence." His newest book is "Powers Within." He has written many books. He is 83 years old but has more energy than a dozen ordinary men. He received much of his training in the East. The good doctor has his own Magic Theatre in his yard that seats 120 people. He began the study of Magic about 50 years ago. It is surprising how many great men and women of the world I have contacted through their love of Magic and Magicians.

Ashton Stevens said that he had faith in Magicians.

Elsie Robinson once wrote in her column—that while the business and professional men, and scientists and financiers did things FOR people, yet God bless the magician for what he did TO people.

I have found so often that audiences love my mysteries but most of all they love what I as a magician can do TO them to send them away with new inspiration, a new outlook on life, and more confidence in themselves. Something better to live by.

Thurston was a Minister of the Stage.

You bring a touch of MAGIC into people's hearts wherever you speak.

Could we but see within the heart of everyone who listens to you!

God is bigger than creeds or limitations.

The world needs LOVE.

People need to know of their own inner STRENGTH that is strong enough to move mountains.

God bless you in your work.

Your friend always,

Harlan Tarbell.

(Mr. Tarbell's letter comes from Elmhurst.) At the close of it he writes: Am scheduled to appear at the Erlanger Theatre for two weeks before long. It was almost Fred Crowe's last request that I come in for two weeks. He had hoped to present me himself in my new show of "Miracles and Dreams." A one-man show that Fred had so much faith in.

I never expected to read that kind of letter from a Magician. I am grateful to have read it. I wish I might be here in Chicago at the time Mr. Tarbell appears at the Erlanger. I most certainly would go to see and hear him.

* * *

Ever since Dr. Bradley has been going to Tower and Lake Vermilion to his summer home, he has known and done business with Mr. Herman Olson, in the mercantile business at Tower, Minnesota. On March 19, 1953, Mr. Olson was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M. of Minnesota. He is a member of Vermilion Lodge No. 197 of Tower. The following letter was received by Dr. Bradley recently:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you very much for sending me the write-up on your recent address to the more than thirty-five hundred Masons a short time ago. If it is at all possible, I would very much like to have a copy of your address, more especially the part that deals with Masonry and Religion. That is one of our very definite problems and I am sure that you dealt with this in a very understanding way.

I am getting along fine in my work. I have spoken nearly every night this week in various parts of the State. Last Wednesday night at the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star in Minneapolis, and tonight I will be at Cass Lake, Minn.

I enclose a copy of the first issue of our "Minnesota Mason" which we are very proud of and I was sure you would like to see a copy of it.

I hope you folks are enjoying the very best of health and although we hear that you are going to Europe again this year, we hope we will see you up here for a short time at least. I suppose Abe is keeping you informed on the Dam project.

Fraternally yours.

Herman T. Olson,

Grand Master.

* * *

Here is a letter that enclosed a letter. Mr. Briggs writes about his mother and then encloses a page of a letter from her:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This note needs no answer, you'll be glad to know, for you are too busy—it's just a sort of "Hi, there"—called from one side of the street to the other. It was thoughtful of you to send me a card, for after that I am sure we both feel that one may be discussive without being dangerous!

Among other types of writing that I turn out, I perpetrate (that's the proper word) a lot of light verse, and some of it sells! Here's a recent one, relative to men, manners and morals:

The Primrose (Psycho) Path

Anthropologic experts say that men
The past two hundred thousand years have been
Upon this global stage.
But, dig this crazy world! Air, sea and land
Men have gone daft—I just can't understand
Why he won't act his age!

Your Mother's Day talk prompts me to enclose part of a letter from my mother. She is 85. She is a bit crippled by arthritis and sciatic nerves in her legs, but as she says, "I'm fine from the waist up!" And she is, too! Her mind is keen, alert, alive and progressive, as you'll note from her letter. Active in clubs she belongs to, she is Past Regent in the D.A.R.—but as you see, she is a kind of lady-Tom-Paine amongst the reactionary majority of her chapter, and she isn't afraid of new ideas. What a lady—for she lives life to her fullest capacity. Look at her handwriting—I wish mine were as good. Well, excuse my pride, but you will understand. Oh, yes, we called her up Sunday and had a nice chat—she lives in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and that conversation mutually warmed our hearts for the rest of the day. Sentiment? Yes, but not mawkish sentimentality.

Finney Briggs.

and here is the page from his mother's letter:

"For many years I have noticed that apple blossoms were out for Mother's Day. It will have to be much warmer if they make it this year. You know that I do not want any gift for that day. It is all right for younger mothers, though *designating a day to think of your mother* never appealed to me. I know that I have your love the year through.

"At our D.A.R. luncheon Saturday the speaker was a youngish minister who stressed the need of a united effort of *all* nations to combat communism. 'Nationalism is out,' was his slogan. It pleased and amused me after the stand the National D.A.R. Convention took in Washington this year and last year too.

"I have fifteen names to call to notify of change of meeting place of Club tomorrow. Too muddy to get to Ruth Wood's home out by Country Club; also call Alliance Board members to remind them of meeting Wednesday. I am glad to do it, for I use the phone very little.

Mother.

Just as Finney Briggs said, the writing is that of a sprightly young girl of 20. No wonder he is proud of his mother!

* * *

The next letter we pick up comes from Tucson, Arizona:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am that unfortunate character who, yesterday, acquainted you with the obvious fact that since 1934, when I was last in your church, you had grown older—when what I really wanted to say was that I was pleased and deeply moved to see and hear that your youthful enthusiasm for the highest ideals had not changed a bit, and that your voice had even become more mellow and more pleasant to the ear. I am just one of those people who have a hard time saying something pleasant for fear of being suspected of having said a commonplace flattery.

On the other hand I am also the man who had just six dollars and some change in his pocket, who had taken out the $1 bill *before* the announcement, and then having been moved by your financial anxieties, put back the one-dollar-bill and dropped the $5 in the basket—and treated his wife to a chocolate bar at Walgreen's instead of a decent lunch in some restaurant. Not that my good wife minded. We both felt much better than if we had eaten for $5.

I am a graduate student at the University of Chicago at present; my wife works in the Book Store.

You are a good man, Dr. Bradley. May God give you many more years

to continue being an inspiration to others.

Sincerely,

J. R. Beck.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Dow Allinson, sometime Head-resident of Henry Booth House (founded by the Chicago Ethical Society) and President of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of Chicago, passed on in Highland Park, Illinois, at her home, on May 24th, 1953. Her son, Mr. Brent Dow Allinson, writes that his mother, while bound to the house by winter and some infirmity of limb, even before she fell, listened with interest, last winter, to Dr. Bradley's broadcasts on Sunday mornings. He speaks of himself finding comfort from Dr. Bradley's address on "A Faith to Overcome Loneliness," and sends the following poem which he wrote after his mother's passing:

AN ETHICAL CREED

(In loving memory of Mrs. Alice Dow Allinson)

God is Love—and Love is Life,
Social love of man for men;
The kindly neighbor's helping hand
In service to another's need,
That takes away the cause of strife.

God is righteousness of *deed;*
The valiant, timely, truthful word
Spoken for Justice, like a sword
To defend the higher good;
Or the broken rebel bold,
With a burning heart of gold,
Libelled, threatened, misunderstood.

God is clearest vision of Truth;
Its new-Creator and shining Shield;
Reconciling all uncouth—
Till the world as neighborhood,
Understanding and understood,
The Great Community, stands revealed.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we may relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

Fitzosborne

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Sunday Evening Service (November 1st to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November 4 to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Oct. 12—"The American Way" Robert Witthans; Music, Norma Williams, Lyric Soprano..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 26—Kodachrome Slides by Mrs. Charles S. Clark: "Intimate Glimpses of the Coronation" and "The Holy Land."

Men's Club—Monday, October 26..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Tuesday, Oct. 6—Dr. Bradley, subject: "The Young Queen Elizabeth"..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Oct. 27—Bazaar Donation Night. Kodachrome Slides of her European Trip, by Mrs. Preston Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

Drama Tea—Sun., Oct. 11, "Mother is a Freshman" by Jack and Jill Players..... 3:00 p.m.

Sunday School Spaghetti Dinner and "Perkins Corner, Here We Come"..... 6:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Mr. Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service..... 11:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m.

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